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ITS CONTENTS relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time,—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music published at home and abroad. 3. A Summary of the significant Musical News from all parts; gathered from English, German, French, as well as American papers. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral, Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Poetry, Aesthetic Books, the Drama, &c. 8. Original and Selected Poems, short Tales, Anecdotes, &c.

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Richard Wagner's Programme to his Overture to Tannhäuser.

[The following translation of the composer's own interpretation of the overture to be performed by the "Germanians," this evening, is sent us by a friend. A full account of Wagner and his works, together with the arguments to his much mooted operas, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, has already appeared in this Journal.—See Vol. II. (first year), pp. 69, 76, 165, 173, &c.]

A procession of pilgrims is passing. Their chant, full of faith and penitence, pervaded by hope and trust in salvation, is heard gradually approaching; then, close at hand, it swells into a mighty wave and finally retires. Twilight, and the dying echo of the chant.

Now, as the shades of evening fall, magical visions hover in sight. A mist, deep-tinged with rosy hues, arises; rapturous sounds of joy strike the ear; the movements of an exciting and luxurious dance are felt. These are the dangerous charms of the "Venus-Mount," which at night ~~hour manifest themselves to those in whose bosoms the keen passions of sense are burning.~~

Attracted by the alluring vision, a tall, manly form approaches: it is Tannhäuser, the minnesinger, the minstrel on his way to sing of love at the poetical contest at Wartburg. He causes his proud, exulting song of love to resound, joyful and defiant, as if to conjure up around him the luxurious magic. He is answered by wild shouts of joy; closer and closer the rosy vapors encircle him, enchanting odors float around him and intoxicate his senses. He is dazzled by the sight of a female form of indescribable beauty that appears before him in the most seductive twilight. He hears her voice, falling upon his ear in sweet, trembling tones, like the song of the syrens, ~~and promising to the bold the fulfilment of his wildest wishes.~~ It is Venus herself whom he beholds.

~~Then his heart and his passions are all on fire; a hot, consuming desire kindles the blood in his veins. An irresistible power urges him to draw near and he stops before the goddess herself with his song of joy and exultation, which now in rapturous delight he pours forth in her praise.~~

In answer to his thrilling song, the wonders of the "Venus-Mount" are now displayed before him in all their splendor; impetuous shouts and wild, ecstatic cries resound from all sides; Bacchantes, drunk with pleasure, sweep by, and in their frantic dances carry Tannhäuser away ~~into the arms of the goddess, burning with love; she~~

~~draws him after her~~ toward the regions of annihilation. The wild host rushes on and the storm subsides. Plaintive sounds still stir the air, and murmurs, like the sighing of unholy, ~~(sensual)~~ passion, float over the spot where the enchanting vision was beheld, and night again spread over it.

But behold! the morning dawns. In the far off distance the chant of the pilgrims is again heard; it draws ever nearer; day evermore conquers night. The murmuring and sighing of the breezes, that resounded in our ears like the awful wailing of the damned, rings in more joyful sounds; and when at last the glorious sun arises, and the chant of the pilgrims with powerful inspiration proclaims to all the world that salvation is obtained, sonorous waves of supreme bliss float round us. It is the rejoicing of the "Venus-Mount" itself, freed from the curse and stain of unholiness, that we hear mingling with the song of heaven. All the pulses of life move and quicken at this song of redemption; and now those two unnaturally divorced elements, reason and the senses, the spiritual and the material, God and nature, embrace in a holy, all-uniting kiss of Love.

MEDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Continued from p. 189.)

No. 7.—How poetical a thought is it, in this exciting situation, to suspend the progress of the action for the introduction of the Prophet's well-known reproof of the chosen city, Jerusalem, that killeth the Prophets, which, as metaphor strengthens the sense by the illustration of its beauty, quickens the scene with a preternatural life by the ideal character with which it invests it! And, if poetical be the thought to introduce, in this situation, such a metaphorical (I must be allowed to borrow the term)—such a metaphorical illustration of the scene, how tenfold poetical is the musical embodiment in which this thought is presented! it is as though some hovering angel, watching the error of Heaven's favored children, drew a long, deep sigh, in sorrow, not in anger, striving, but powerless, by such loving admonition, to warn them from their purposed evil; or, as though the vision of the Son of Man, revealed to Stephen to strengthen him against the murderous threats of his enemies, shed too its glory upon them that menace him, albeit they be so blinded by their rage as to be insensible of its radiance.

This exquisite little Aria is entirely novel in conception, as it is completely beautiful in effect; the phraseology, the harmony, and above all, the instrumentation, are, at the same time that they are essentially characteristic of the composer, especially peculiar to this song, and we cannot less wonder at the consummate artistry that from such original experiments could command success, than

admire the perfect loveliness which is their result. Two points of singular excellence may be technically described; first, the return to the principal subject, (which is peculiarly felicitous even for Mendelssohn, who rarely suffers this always prominent feature in a musical design to elude some particular manifestation of his power,) where the first employment, throughout the score, of the basses and the commencing of the melody before the return to the key are the means from which the effect is derived; second, the reversion of the chief phrase of the song in the concluding symphony, which surprises all hearers by the newness of effect of which it shows a familiar idea to be susceptible.

As a matter of art, the introduction of this piece is most masterly, since thus is obtained a relief to the agitated character of the scene in which it is an episode that heightens the effect while it prevents what might else be monotony; and, to recur to the close of the previous piece, the change from major to minor which may, perhaps, give too much of transiency to the brightness that so livingly expresses the last words of Stephen, is well considered to unite the present number in the general color that pervades the scene, avoiding a violent contrast of key in its introduction.

As a matter of imagination, there is a most subtle, refined, and delicate beauty in the idea of thus opposing the gentle benignity of Heaven to the vindictive ferocity of man—a pertinent symbol of the principles of good and evil.

No. 8.—To separate the actual from the ideal, the history from the illustration, it is needful that the soprano voice, which has been engaged in the last *Aria*, should no longer continue the narrative, and the brief recitative that now follows is therefore assigned to the tenor, which is, with this exception, reserved, in this introductory portion of the *Oratorio*, to personate, dramatically, the character of Stephen.

The Recitative relates how they, the people, rush upon their victim, and thrust him out of the city. Thus are we led to that extraordinary dramatic conception which, upon a first hearing at least, makes a more prominent impression than any other of the many very striking movements in this *Oratorio*, the chorus of the people, "Stone him to death!" a piece of such powerful representation of a will and an act, a curbless, furiously raging, maddened lust for life and its ferocious gratification, as cannot be surpassed, and has most rarely been equalled. If it be the province of art so to paint the passions of men that through its medium we see into the heart-secrets which to the world are known but in the deeds they prompt, and yet, while laying bare this metaphysical anatomy, so to clothe it in the investiture of ideality that in thus presenting all of truth, it shows this very truth to the naked sense (which would, with indifferent likelihood, be lovely or repulsive), to be all of beauty; if it be the province of art so to embody a thought, a feeling, as to make it live in the sense of those who witness its presentation, and thus to create a sympathy not only between them and the artist, but amongst them with one another; if it be the province of art, the true engine of magnetism, to make a multitude one-minded and one-hearted, and to fill this universal mind and heart with a sense of greatness that is akin to, if not identical with its possession; if such be the province of art, then must we all own that the highest art fulfils its noblest province in the composition under notice, where the fiercest passions, sublime like the tempest, from their being above human control and beyond human power, are brought before us in that very quality of truth which reveals the almost beauty of its most hateful aspect.

I shall have to revert to this chorus in noticing another, near the end of the work, upon its connection with which I will not here further remark; it is more to the present purpose to recur to the last choral piece, where the multitude interrupt the oration of Stephen, which I do in order to remark upon the very different expression that is here given of the same words, showing how inadequate are these, words only, to convey a meaning without the adjunction of some other form of language or medium of expression to endue them

with such vital character as alone can realize their significance. Declamation is a medium that is indispensable; and music may be, and this music is the highest class of declamation. "He blasphemes God," mutter the people in the former chorus, awed by the eloquence of their intended victim, and striving mutually to renew the energy each of other by their passing from mouth to mouth the token word of their resentment. "And who God blasphemes," is the voice of their growing confidence: "He shall perish!" is the cowardly bravado of their interassurance of their unanimity. Unimpressed by the dignified composure, the gentle majesty of Stephen; irritated, rather, by his firmness, and impatient of his calm demeanor, they can no longer wait for the judgment of the council, but hurry him from the tribunal with the cry of "Stone him!" justifying themselves in the murderous violence they are about to perpetrate, by declaring in loud vociferation to the world, "He blasphemes God! and who God blasphemes, he shall perish!" Will is now their only law, enflamed bigotry its only interpreter, and the right of might the all-sufficient authority for its administration.

It is now to be technical. The conclusion of the Recitative in the key of G minor, with the half-close on D, the voice ending upon the fifth of the chord, is most skillfully contrived to give every possible poignancy to the unisonous A flat, (colored by the unhacknied and therefore peculiar tone of the trombones) that afterwards becomes the minor ninth of G, with which the chorus opens. Bitter, severe, vindictive is indeed the expression of the clamorous entry of the successive voices, and all-powerful the unanimous exclamation of the whole choir upon the resolution of the discord. It would be tedious to trace, bar by bar, every point of mastery this chorus displays; but one cannot forbear to remark upon the immense power of the passage of descending scales for the whole of the string instruments, while the voices, supported by the brass band, declare with vehement emphasis the crime of their victim, and the savage punishment of this, wherein they are exultingly engaged. Further must be noticed the especially effective application of the plagal cadence, and of the ancient practice of closing with the major chord of the tonic a piece in a minor key; the vague, one may say, inconclusiveness of which is well in keeping with the feelings here embodied, that are rather gratified than satisfied, or at least not satisfied in their gratification;—the appetite for horrors, once stimulated, grows by what it feeds upon.

No. 9.—One cannot but wonder that the composer could have resisted the temptation of the most lyrical, the beautifully expressive words of Stephen, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" to write an extensive *Air*, which would, which must have become to us a memory to hang our love upon, and to treasure up in our hearts a sacred, a personal, a household feeling, wherein the sympathies of every one of us who has ever been wronged and has forgiven; who has ever loved and loving, trusted; who has ever been chastened by sorrow and in such chastening has known a spring to unlock the tenderest emotions of his soul;—a feeling in which the sympathies of every such a one would find a home. But one must more admire the exquisite sense of dramatic propriety evinced in the treatment of this passage, which consists of the simple declamation of the text, with such inflection of the voice as is true alike to the sense of the words and to the situation in which they are uttered.

The death blow has been dealt. Overcome but not subdued, kneeling amidst the murderous missiles of his assailants, teaching by his example, even more than in his precepts, the doctrine and its beauty for which he suffers, Stephen, still strong in his wonted firmness, cries aloud the prayer that would avert the judgment of Heaven from those who have destroyed him. His life ebbs fast. He resigns his soul into the hands of that Savior in whose faith he has lived, and suffered, and dies; becoming fainter and fainter with every sound that passes his lips. "And, when he had said this, he fell asleep," is then rendered with

such picturesque beauty as suggests to us, more touchingly than any words could do, the gentle state of peace with all the world and unity with heaven, in which the martyr's spirit is expired, and shedding forgiveness like an odor from its wings, takes its flight into those realms where truth and light, the substance and the shadow of deity, are unhidden by the ignorance and prejudice of man.

A most happy artifice is here employed—the acute wind instruments sustain the incomplete chord of A flat, upon which the solo voice has ended, and the chorus, and the organ, and the string orchestra commence, through this, with very deep tones, in the key of F minor, the most beautiful of all the Lutheran Chorals I have ever heard: "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," which seems like the pall with which mortal grief decks what it has loved and lost, while the pure spirit, hovering over, delays its passage to heaven.

No. 10.—A short Recitative, for soprano, tells how Saul, by his presence, sanctions the assassination of Stephen, thus introducing the hero of the work with such unimportance as, at that period of his career, his historical character bore, and leaving it to the representation of his subsequent deeds, and their influence upon mankind, for the development of that great conception for which the treatment of these introductory incidents has admirably prepared us, and in which Mendelssohn has proved himself fully equal to his subject. The Recitative proceeds to relate the lamentation of pious men over the body of the martyr. In this piece of plain recital, the composer, by attempting nothing, succeeds the most.

No. 11.—This lovely chorus, which concludes the portion of the subject that is to be regarded as introductory of the principal action, is a benediction upon him who has suffered for purity and love; and, with what perfect beauty the pronunciation of this blessing is rendered, with what exquisite ideality the assurance of tranquil and eternal happiness (the genial lulling eventide, with its kissing coolness and its whispered warblings of everlasting peace and love,) is conveyed, no words can serve to say, but yet no sense can fail to feel. Where genius has set its seal, it is not for theorism to break assunder, and the sovereign charm of this mighty talisman attracts all sense as it repels all system; we believe and we feel, but we cannot understand.

A brief examination of the plan of this melodious movement may help us to a knowledge of where its beauty lies, though it cannot teach us of what it consists. The chief subject is given at full length in the opening symphony by a resonant, mellow combination of tenor instruments, and the expression this embodies is strengthened by a phrase of gentle confirmation, introducing the harmony of the seventh upon the key-note, for the flute and clarinet. This subject is then dispersed successively among the voices, and afterwards analogously to the form of a first movement in any instrumental composition upon the classical model, it gives place to a second subject in the fifth of the original key, which will be recognised by the moving together for the first time of all the voices in harmony.

Substituted for the elaboration of the subject, with which we have now been made familiar, that mostly constitutes the second part of an instrumental movement, is an episode of a somewhat different character, to the words, "For, though the body die, the soul shall live for ever."

With one of those beautiful surprises in which Mendelssohn especially excels, we return to the chief subject in the original key, and this is followed, to carry out the analogy before noticed, by the second subject in the same key, instead of, as at first, in the key of the dominant.

The second subject is here most artfully prolonged into a coda of great interest, a prominent and most beautiful feature in which is formed by the two unaccompanied phrases for the voices, through which, only, during the whole movement, the figure of semiquavers ceases, that is otherwise maintained, in a manner peculiar to the composer, with most fortunate effect.

The concluding symphony is a repetition of the first, with the orchestral distribution of the principal melody reversed, those phrases that were be-

fore assigned to the tenor instruments being now given to the acute, and those that were before given to the acute instruments being now supported by the tenor.

Thus is completed the representation of the state of Christians and of Christianity at the time when St. Paul entered upon the scene of history. We see the seditions by which the scribes incite the people; we see the fanatic fury thus induced and its violent action; we see the dignified firmness, the zealous enthusiasm of the first martyr; we see his suffering and his intercession for mercy upon his enemies; we see his faith and his resignation. In the fierce, vindictive spirit of the Peoples' Choruses is delineated the present character of Saul; in the gentle, peaceful beauty that contrasts these is displayed the nature of the creed which, at first so active to suppress, he was subsequently more sedulous and more influential to extend.

The purpose I have ascribed to these introductory pieces is thus, I think, powerfully fulfilled; and we are now duly prepared to enter upon the main action of the *Oratorio*.

[To be continued.]

The Grand Opera at Paris.

The Grand Opera, (says the correspondent of the *Atlas*) restored at a cost of \$70,000, again affords the fashionable part of Paris a charming means of passing away the evening. The opera of *Les Huguenots* was selected to do the honors of the house warming. M. Meyerbeer took unusual pains to present his opera as perfect as possible to the public. He even wrote three new dances for the third act, and he personally directed the last rehearsal of this *reprise* with as much care as if it had been the first, instead of the 233d performance of his celebrated work. He made the chorus repeat in couples, then in small numbers, and lastly in chorus. He observed every note of the violins, and of the drums, and of the cymbals; scolding heartily every musician whose notes were not irreproachable, and making them begin again the whole piece, whenever there was any slow or fast movement which the partition did not require. The chorus was increased by a hundred additional voices.

The *claqueurs* are in future obliged to dress in black and wear black cravats, the orchestra to wear black with white cravats. Turning to the material changes, we shall find the vestibule painted in imitation of marble above the first six feet, which is painted to resemble open wainscoting. The ticket offices have been placed nearer the wall, to allow a larger space for circulation. The public *foyer* is painted in imitation of white veined marble, while the between-columns and tympana of the archivoltes are in green marble; the ground of the wall and the ceiling is white, while all the ornaments, the carvings, the frieze, the cornice, are gilded. M. Barre's bust of Louis Napoleon is placed on a pedestal in the style of Louis XV., fronting the large door. Twenty-eight gilded consols sustain busts of Lulli, Quinault, Mehul, Monsigny, Gluck, etc., and at one end is M. Duret's Mercury and Neapolitan dancer. Divans and chairs in red velvet invite loungers to a luxurious repose.

One of the best modifications in the interior of the *Salle*, or theatre proper, is the suppression of the *balcon*, the portion of the tiers in front of the boxes, where gentlemen sat and not unfrequently annoyed the ladies in the boxes, by their impertinent gaze; and during the *entr'actes* would completely screen the boxes from the rest of the theatre, by standing up with their backs to the orchestra, gazing on the inmates of the boxes. The boxes have now small *salons* behind them, where the party may retire during the between-acts. The corridors are painted in imitation of white marble, and lighted with lamps in the style of Louis XIV. Instead of the paintings which formerly decorated the galleries, gilded carvings on white grounds are placed.

The cupola is painted azure, and contains several groups of allegorical persons. The cornice is gilded, and is separated from the azure vault by a gilded balustrade. The columns, which were

entirely gilded, are now white and gold; their flutes are filled with gilded ornaments of the Louis XIV. style. A quadrille, in the same style, and gilded, decorates the base of the columns. The between-columns remain as they were, with this difference, that the fronts of the boxes are more richly charged with gilded carvings. Upon the four grand pendentives formerly covered with painted figures, are four colossal gilded spread eagles, relieved by a black-enamelled white and gold ground. The Imperial Arms, in gilded carved wood, are placed upon the golden brocade mantle lined with ermine. The first tier of boxes has been improved by alternate gold and white balustrades on a red ground; the three other tiers of boxes are decorated with trophies of music and kindred objects, sustained by garlands of flowers and of foliage, all gilded and placed on a white ground.

Each of the three grand divisions of the *salle* are subdivided into three parts by motives, wherein are children and heads, sustained by garlands and fissures in white, which rather neutralize the garishness of the gold. The boxes are hung with red velvet paper, and are furnished with sofas and arm-chairs. The *salle* is lighted by a chandelier of crystal and gilt bronze, containing 128 gas jets, and eight new girandoles. When you are informed that all the gilding is of the purest gold leaf, and recollect that it still has the freshness of novelty, you may conceive the splendor of the opera house. This is the last restoration this opera house will receive, the government contemplating building a new opera house before long.

Rubini.

[The following interesting account of that *rara avis*, a great tenor, is from the French of M. Escudier, and was written as long ago as 1840. Rubini is now living, in princely retirement, in the neighborhood of Milan.]

Rubini is still young. He was born in 1795 at Romano, a little estate situate at four leagues from Bergamo. In 1811 he formed part of the choruses of the theatre of that town, and was the last of the chorists. He was subsequently attached to a strolling company, which he soon left to go on a pilgrimage through Italy with a violin player of the name of Modi. But the tribulations and vicissitudes of that wandering life soon disgusted him, and he accepted an engagement at Pavia. His success there was attended with great *éclat*, and summoned him successively to Brescia, Venice and, lastly, to Naples, where the director, Barbaja, made him appear before the public with Pelligrini and Nozzari, in two operas composed for him by Fioravanti, *Adelson y Salvini*, and *Comingio*. In 1819 he sang at Rome in *La Gazza Ladra* with Mlle. Monbelli, and at Palermo with Lablache and Donzelli. At Naples, whither he returned after those bright excursions, he found Mlle. Chomil, a distinguished cantatrice, who shortly after became his wife, and thence he proceeded with her to Vienna, which capital gave him a memorable reception.

It was on the 6th of October, 1831, that Rubini appeared for the first time at Paris, in *La Cenerentola*. His career as an *artiste* has been since but an uninterrupted series of triumphs in France, England, Austria, and Italy, the cradle of his fame. Those triumphs are too recent, and have excited too much attention in the musical world, to require any detail of them at our hands. Besides, it is not a biography of this great singer that we wish to write, but rather an analytical examination of his method, which, without ever having been written, has had nevertheless, like Garcia's, an undeniable influence over all the schools of singing.

Rubini's voice is that of a tenor, in the full acceptance of that word. It begins from E, and rises in *petto* notes to B above the lines; it continues in *di testa* notes to the F, ever in an intonation of perfect justness and evenness. Thus the scale which it runs over is of two octaves and one note. But that is but its ordinary compass; for we have heard Rubini in Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* leap even to G. He had, indeed, never ascended so high; and he himself, after

that *tour de force*, appeared astonished at the feat.

So much for its extent. As for its power, it has not been below what the strongest dramatic expression may require from a singer. But this strength, however great, never offends the ear by too rough bursts. His voice is enveloped, as it were, in a light gauze, which, without interfering with the most rapid leaps, softens the asperities almost always inseparable from an energetic vibration. Hence the unspeakable sweetness and charm which spreads round the singer when he utters passages of sorrow and tenderness. It is of him that one may say without exaggeration, that he has tears in his voice.

We willingly acknowledge that nature comes in for a large share in those qualities so rare and so precious, but what art has added is immense. One of the wonders of that art is revealed in the transitions from the chest to the head voice, and *vice versa*. When he has reached the limit of the chest register, E, for instance, the change in entering the head voice is effected so marvellously that it is impossible to seize the moment of the transition. Another of those wonders is that, gifted with very broad lungs, and which respire a large quantity of air, he measures his respiration with so much dexterity that he loses of his breath but just what is required to produce the sound proportioned to the value of the notes. His manner of drawing breath is also one of the secrets of art for which it is impossible to account. He so cleverly dissembles the artifice of respiration, that, in the longest passages, one cannot perceive the moment when his breath is renewed. To explain such a phenomenon, he must fill and empty his lungs almost instantaneously, and without the least interruption, as would be the case with a cup which one emptied with one hand and filled with the other. It may be easily imagined what advantage a singer must derive from such a faculty, which he is as much indebted to nature as to practice. By this means he can impart to his phrases a brilliant and varied color, for his organ retains in its graduation the strength necessary for commencing, pursuing, and ending, without any interruption, the longest periods.

There are those who, after seeing Rubini, will tell you that he is a cold and stiff actor, if they do not even add that he is no actor at all. This is another error that it is easy to dispel. This immobility he is reproached with is the necessary consequence of his manner of singing. Behold Rubini in those famous *adagios*, when motionless, and his head inclined backwards to open to sound a broader passage, he raises that harmonious and limpid voice which moves the audience so deeply! The slightest motion of the body would produce a waving in that voice which is of itself so sure, and deprive it of that evenness and finish whose charm is unspeakable. It is his voice that weeps, and makes you weep; you are moved—you feel enraptured; Talma himself, with his admirable mimic powers, did not produce more stirring effects.

Such are the various aspects under which this great singer presents himself. Nature and art have combined to render him a real phenomenon. His voice is strong, sweet, just, and even; it is nature which has made it thus, and nature never proved more liberal. His method is a perfect one, because it is founded in truth and the most exquisite taste. Rubini has carried scientific singing to perfection; he does better all that was done before him, and art is moreover indebted to him for many innovations which have already enriched all methods. Thus, to mention but one, Rubini has been the first to introduce into song those vigorous aspirations which consist in protracting a sound upon the same note before the solution of the cadence. This shake imparted to the voice, this sort of musical sob, ever produces a great effect, and there is now no singer that does not strive to imitate it.

Yet, as nothing in the world is quite perfect, Rubini likewise pays his tribute to human nature. In our opinion he is too negligent in his manner of delivering a *recitativo*. Then again in *ensemble* pieces, he does not even take the trouble to sing; and when he condescends to open his lips,

it is to remain completely silent. One may say that Rubini does not exist in *ensemble* pieces. He likewise often sings with his chest voice. It is, perhaps, to these *naïf* artifices that Rubini is indebted for the so complete preservation of his organ, which is now as fresh as in his most youthful days; but it is not the less true, that by that excessive laziness he may endanger the dramatic conception of the composer, and paralyze the exertions of his comrades.

We have said nothing of Rubini's private character, for our object was the artist only; but we cannot dismiss this brief sketch without doing justice to his generous feelings, the simplicity of his habits, and the kindness of his heart. All his comrades, and all who have had opportunities of knowing him, will bear witness to his eminent qualities, both as an artist and as a man of the world.

A correspondent of a morning paper, writing from New York, says one of the uppermost of the upper ten thousand, in the Dress Circle, at the Opera the other evening, boasted of wearing jewelry that had cost \$2500 at a Broadway establishment the day before.—We are told by the same writer, that the receipts at the Italian Opera average about \$2500 per night; the Broadway theatre \$3000; the National \$3000; the Bowery \$2000; Wallack's \$2200; Burton's \$2200; the Hippodrome \$3000; Barnum's Museum \$1500; Jullien \$1500; making, with an addition of \$2000 more for the various other places of public amusement, a nightly expenditure of \$22,000! Immense this; but then they think nothing of it in New York.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

That "Monster Concert by Young Ladies."

FRIEND DWIGHT:—In thy journal of the 7th month and 6th day thou dost speak of a concert given by the pupils of Friend Taylor. Old Quakerdom seldom replieth to anything, lest peradventure he should stir up the Old Adam both in himself and others; still he doth decide to speak a few words to thee, not in behalf of himself, (because truth compelleth him to tell thee it is unnecessary, as Friend Taylor possesseth a reputation throughout the Southern States that thou and thy journal do not, and he doth verily fear never will) but that thou mayst know more in regard to the object &c., &c. of music in the Southern Female Institutions. And furthermore, he verily thinketh that not only thee, but thy German encomiast "Hoplit" could gain a wrinkle or two from Madison even, although he doth not expect thee to look to Madison for the music of the future. (Query—Doth the world musical acknowledge Boston as the place to look to for the music of the future?)

To criticize fairly, Friend Dwight, thou shouldst take into consideration the object, performers, &c. &c.—Verily thou wouldst not expect the same from young school girls, that thou wouldst from Jullien's troupe!

That thou mayst better comprehend what I say to thee, I will put "Old Broadbrim" under my chair for a while and speak to thee in thy own worldly tongue.

Music, in the Southern Female Institution, is taught as a recreation and accomplishment, and not with a view of making *Artists*. The time given to it by the pupils is one hour a day, during one or two years, and in some few cases from three to four years. A Concert is usually given once a year, for the double purpose of showing the improvement of the pupils, and the gratification of their parents and friends. These Concerts have an effect upon musical taste, and those of us who direct them, are responsible in a measure for the improvement of the taste of the mass, but one cannot expect us to improve the taste, otherwise than by degrees. It will not do to force an apothecaries' shop down a sick man's throat, at once; because a few pills at a time do him good.—We are all musically sick, that is, there is music which we cannot appreciate; but when given us in broken and repeated doses, improves our musical health. Germany, the very heart and brain of music, has had composers who were not appreciated in their times. Why are they now? Because by frequent hearing of their compositions, musical taste has been improved.

The performers at the "Monster Concert" were

school girls, some of whom had taken lessons but a few weeks; it is not expected that they would be able to play the most Classic Music. There are those who are called Artists (and Boston is not clear in this) who would have a much better effect upon their hearers if they confined themselves, in public, to such music as is within the bounds of their ability and appreciation. We claim to be progressive here; and if the music of Von Weber, Jullien, Donizetti, Strauss, Boieldieu, Labitzky, Auber and Meyerbeer, being played by young (and musically, in regard to the length of time of practice, very young) ladies is not progressive and calculated to improve musical taste in your judgment, then we must agree to forever disagree. Perhaps you will say such music will do very well if it was played well. In answer to this, I will state, in behalf of the young ladies of the "Monster Concert," that there were between one and two thousand of the most intelligent sons and daughters (whose opinion, collectively at least, I presume is worth nearly as much as that of Mr. J. S. Dwight, editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, individually,) of Georgia and sister states present, and although in a very warm room, and so much crowded that from two to three hundred persons had to stand for the space of two and a half hours, without intermission, there was as much interest manifested, and as good order kept, as I have ever seen in your city or New York, during a musical performance.

Although such a piece as No. 1, Part 2d, of "Monster Concert" may have no real high merit as a musical composition, still it serves a very important purpose—unless the pupils were well drilled in time, they never could keep together in such a combination.

As to No. 1, Part 3d, although we like much that is foreign, especially in music, and had no celebration of the last Fourth of July, still, had you been present at the performance of this piece, you would have seen no "intensely harrowing excitement," but that we love our country.

Some time ago, a review of the different Musical Journals appeared in the *Visitor*, (a copy of which was sent to you) of this place, under the signature of "Chord of the Seventh," in which, although *Dwight's Journal* was well spoken of, still the review recommended more cordially to the public, *The New York Musical World & Times*. Do you not think that this had a "little bit" of influence on you when you wrote the article headed "Monster Concert by Young Ladies?"

Having more important matters to attend to, I have deferred noticing the "Monster Concert" till a moment when I have nothing else to do. In fact, I intended, (owing to the limited circulation of your Journal,) to say nothing, nor should I now, were it not that the article had been copied by the *Yankee Blade*.

Should you get a chance to slip out of the chair editorial long enough for a visit South, give us a call, and we will both show and teach thee something—don't open your eyes in astonishment, and think, Well! here's presumption; but come, for I tell ye again we will teach and show you something, even if you be a "Great Bostonian," and we nothing but a "Little Madisonian."

Respectfully Yours, etc.,

GEO. C. TAYLOR.

Madison Ga., Sept. 27.

P. S. If being in favor of a lady learning to play the violin, viola, violoncello, or contra-basso, is being a Woman's Rights man, then I am one, most emphatically.

G. C. T.

REMARKS.—As the writer of the above appears to feel aggrieved by us, we give him the full benefit of his complaint in his own peculiar vernacular. Most of our readers may have forgotten, or never noticed that, some two or three months since (Aug. 6 was the date) we amused ourselves, and thought to amuse our readers, under the above caption, with a very formidable and curious concert programme, which it was hardly possible to treat seriously. The conductor thereof, our aggrieved "friend," was an entire stranger to us, so that we could not bear him any malice. It was the intrinsic humor of the thing, (the grand array of pieces played on "nine pianos," the "quintette by 114 hands," the grand Yankee Doodle battle piece, &c., &c.), that moved us. We thought the thing in itself a droll monstrosity and think so still. At this late date, Mr. Friend Taylor sends us this, his well-tempered, but sarcastic, withering reply. To print it is to add something to the fun, at the same time that in so doing we "fulfil all righteousness" to the aggrieved party. We remind the writer, that we made no criticism

on the performance of his pupils, since we did not hear them; that we did consider the fact that his *exequant*es were scholars in a literary seminary, where music could hold only secondary regard, and for that reason did we marvel that their precious hours should be spent in preparation for displays so only *quasi* musical; and we assure him that we have no disposition to measure the worth of our own "individual" musical judgment against that of "the collective judgment of two thousand sons and daughters of the South," &c. Moreover we assure him that we never saw or heard of the "Visitor" to which he alludes, so that no notice in it of our journal could have *spited* us in the way which we are too happy to leave to thin-skinned professors. Editors are not apt to have the same sensitiveness, as musical professors, to what the newspapers may say.—Ed.

FEMALE ORCHESTRAS.—Such things are not unheard of, or at least not unimaginable. That luxurious travelling genius, William Beckford, pretends to have seen and heard as follows in Venice, in 1780.

"The sight of the orchestra," he says, "still makes me smile. You know, I suppose, it is entirely of the feminine gender; and that nothing is more common than to see a delicate white hand journeying across an enormous double bass, or a pair of roscate cheeks puffing, with all their efforts, at a French horn. Some that are grown old and Amazonian, who have abandoned their fiddles and their lovers, take vigorously to the kettle-drum; and one poor limping lady, who had been crossed in love, now makes an admirable figure on the bassoon."

From my Diary. No. XXVIII.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6. I like this little passage in one of Auerbach's Black Forest Village Histories, which being translated runneth thus: Reinhard, a painter, has married a peasant girl and taken her to the city, where one evening he takes "Lorie" and the Assistant Librarian, his friend, to a concert.

After a Beethoven Symphony, the Librarian said, "Now tell me honestly, would you not rather have heard a good waltz?"

Lorie replied, "To tell the truth, yes!"

The Librarian, overjoyed, went to Reinhard and said, "You have a noble wife, and one of a thousand, for she has just had the courage to confess openly that she grew weary with Beethoven."

Reinhard bit his lips, but on getting home said gently to Lorie, "You must not be deceived by the Librarian; he is all taken up with his books, you must never laugh at or venture an opinion upon what you do not fully understand. That is not the only music which sets the body in motion; there is also music by which we allow our souls to be elevated and depressed, to which we give full sway, raised above all earthly things—the soul free and alone. I cannot explain this to you, you will find it out yourself; but you must cherish a feeling of respect for things to which so many great men have devoted their lives. Only pay due attention and you will in time understand these things."

Lorie promised to take heed.

At the last concert of the winter, the Librarian, after some piece, asked her again what she thought, and her reply was:

"On everything, yet I don't know on what. When the flutes and trumpets and violins are talking so together, now calling to each other, and then all speaking together, it is indeed as if other beings than men conversed, and it is such a delight to think of all sorts of things, and that so peacefully; it is as if the thoughts had gone rambling in a musical world, here and there."

The Librarian muttered to himself, "Oh wo! she is also growing enlightened."

Oct. 10. Rub-a-dub, Rub-a-dub, slam bang crash! There goes the third of those heaven-assaulting bands by our windows within the last hour. A friend says that some of these bands actually play tunes! This must be apocryphal, for if so, they would not cover them up with such a horrible racket.

One dark, foggy morning, the story goes, Napoleon ordered 300 drummers to march up to the walls of a be-

leaguered city. The thundering noise led the besieged to suppose the whole French army on the move, and at the proper moment, by their reckoning, they touched the train to a mine, explosion followed and not one of those three hundred drummers has written to his friends since.

Fill your glasses, friends, and drink to the memory of Napoleon!

Oct. 12. A Mendelssohn Night at Jullien's! There is no necessity now to make the grand tour to hear music. Could you have been with me, Will W., you would cease to sigh for those Sinfonie Soirées in the *Schauspiel Haus*. I do think Jullien is the finest conductor I ever saw, and what a programme he gave us! That A minor Symphony, so exquisitely melancholy, and yet so expressive of the struggle of despair—Prometheus chained to the rock—yet that Scherzo is anything but a despairing Prometheus—is worthy of Beethoven, when played. Had not Mendelssohn the finest taste of all composers? Is not his instrumentation the richest? Are not his combinations, especially of the wood band, more delicious than those of any other? Is he not the Claude of music? He seems deficient in mere melody, in long, regularly constructed airs, with beginning, middle, and end,—[Indeed! friend Diarist, do you not forget?—Ed.] doubtful if there is one in all his works, like those of Mozart, Rossini, or even of half a dozen second and third rate composers, but a flow of melodious harmony from the entire orchestra! None but a composer of the first rank could have chained that great audience to-night, in a city, too, not over and above distinguished for its appreciation of orchestral music (ask the Philharmonic Society), as that was chained. I declare, it was delightful, after all the misery suffered last winter at the Philharmonic concerts from whisperers, and talkers, and nestlers, and fidgetters, and hummers, and drummers, to be able to listen to a whole symphony in peace. Peace be within the walls of those people for it!

Then that Midsummer Night's Dream music; how indescribably beautiful in itself, how doubly beautiful when so given! And how Jullien himself enjoys it! Call him a humbug! Why, he actually filled the hall with fairies—and those who could not see them had better procure a pair of the spectacles of fancy for the next time. As the Turks say, there is one Mendelssohn and Jullien (to-night) was his prophet. Think of "Elijah" being performed by this orchestra with singers and chorus to match!

Anna Zerr sang "Hear ye Israel," from that Oratorio, and sang every note tremolo. Hayter used to play the organ tremolo in the Dead March in Sampson, and the effect was most powerful. But it is quite another thing when heard continually in the throat of second and third rate prima donnas. It is abominable. When Gretry heard Mehul's "Uthal," in which were no violins, he exclaimed, "I would give a Louis to hear a cricket chirp at this moment." I would have given half that to have heard one pure, smooth tone sung to-night. My brother has a dog call made tremolo by a little ball inside. It is a very bad whistle. I reckon the Fraulein sings with a dry pea in her throat. No matter, 'twas a great concert.

Oct. 14. The *N. Y. Tribune* has a proof reader who exhibits a remarkable knowledge of Shakspeare. In Jullien's Concert Bill this morning is the following:

4 COMIC MARCH of Bottom, Quince, Senig, and the others, proceeding to their Dramatic representation—the characteristic Overture to the Mock Drama of "Pyasenus and Thisbe."

Fine Arts.

"Pilgrim's Progress" in One Picture.

This curious engraving we have already mentioned with some admiration. It is now ready, (see our advertising columns) for purchasers, and we learn that it is meeting with a rapid sale. To look at it again is to perceive new beauties, and to feel new wonder at the manner in which the designer and engraver have contrived to overcome so many difficulties. Truly they have solved what would seem to be an impossible problem in Art. They have made a beautiful, harmonious, artistic whole out of a wilderness of almost unmanageable details, and grouped into one present

picture a long, imaginary series of events. To be sure, we cannot and never could be partial to the employment of pictorial and plastic art upon allegorical subjects. Allegory is better told in old John Bunyan's plain vernacular way, than painted. It is fitter for the mind's eye, than for the eye of sense. No allegorical picture can ever be a very great picture. All the warm coloring, the delicate and luxurious fancies of Cole never could quite reconcile us to his "Course of Empire" and vision of "Life" pictures. There will be something cold, faint, abstract and mechanical about all such products; they still lack the wholesome, solid impress of reality.

Viewed purely from the side of Art, therefore, no pictorial illustration of Bunyan's allegory could belong to the best and greatest kind of Art. But the picture now under notice is not to be so viewed; it belongs rather to a mixed, ambiguous category; its sphere is one that lies between Art proper, (which first of all things must address the eye, dealing entirely with the concrete,) and poetic allegory, whose beginning and end are in the mind, the only dwelling place of intellectual abstractions. But this mixed sphere legitimates itself, in a case like the present, by the plea of illustration and instruction. It is as an aid to the memory and comprehension of Bunyan's allegory, and not as a pure Art-product, that it makes its claim on our attention. In furnishing this aid, it may borrow more or less from Art, according to the skill and taste and genius of the illustrator. A good translator of a foreign poem must be something of a poet; so a good translator of a word-woven into a linear or colored design, must be something of an artist. And we feel that the requisition is well met in this design of Hammatt Billings, as engraved by Andrews. The Pilgrim's progress is here clearly, beautifully illustrated; spread before the eye at one view in its entirety and in all the mutual connection of its parts; at a glance the whole history lies and glows before us. In every house where Bunyan's work is cherished, it would be well that there should hang this fine key and invitation to the glorious thought-journeys of the poem.

SONG OF THE GOLDEN WEB.

INSCRIBED TO HIS LITTLE STATUE, "THE WEAVER,"

BY B. H. KINNEY, SCULPTOR.

I spring the treadle with a cheerful tread,
And ply the shuttle of the golden thread,
And swing the lathe with an earnest blow,
That merrily round the wheel may go.

For I am the weaver of the Golden Web.

And spring the treadle with a cheerful tread.

My woof I weave from the golden beam,
And curb the dashing mountain stream,
To twirl the spindle, and speed the loom,
And I gaily laugh mid the busy hum;

For I am the weaver of the Golden Web,

And ply the shuttle of the golden thread.

I weave a golden robe for all,
Who never shrink from duty's call;
And a golden mantle ever fling
O'er Genius, like an Angel's wing.

O! I am the weaver of the Golden Web,

For I ply the shuttle of the golden thread,

And I spring the treadle with a cheerful tread,

For I am the weaver of the Golden Web.

WANTED.—A heavy Premium will be paid for a new Tema, of eight to sixteen bars, upon which to exhibit instrumental "ground and lofty tumbling." The "Carnival de Venice" having been in constant use from Paganini down to the present day, has been worn threadbare, and critics and the public will endure it no longer. Apply to any of the instrumental soloists of M. Jullien's band, or to any other Solo instrumentalist now in the country.

P. S. Musical journals throughout the world are requested to copy the above.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 22, 1853.

Music at Home.

The musical season is opening apace, and with a rush of preparation and great promise. Plainly, the multitude of concerts, even if you weed out all that is spurious and trashy, and confine the number strictly to the concerts of good music, will exceed any person's power of close and critical appreciation. We shall report as fully and as fairly as we can, within the natural limits of our time, strength, opportunity, fit state of mind and body, and so forth. To notice every speciality; to weigh out to each individual what he may deem his just portion of notice; to consider all the little private interests and personalities that go to the making up of a concert, is more than any reasonable mortal can expect of us amid such distracting frequency and promiscuity of intellectual feasting. But we may do perhaps what is far better. We may cull out from the bewildering multitude of topics, a practicable number of good texts, whereby to draw attention to important general truths and principles in Art and in the formation of sound taste. We may use the worst, sometimes, as well as the best, of what we may hear performed, by way of text and warrant for renewed attempts to point out and insist upon the true, the noble, the alone satisfactory and enduring in our Art. Would that the individuals, the artists, whose productions or performances we have to notice, could be as content to merge their private personality in this great work of opening the ears and souls of people to good music, as we shall be to dismiss and disregard all personal considerations in our passing comments.

Meanwhile the campaign has begun. First of all come the light skirmishers, the fantastic solo-players, virtuosos, brilliant executionists. These "finger knights" and wizards steal a march upon the advancing solid columns, to figure a little in the foreground of the season, while the field is free. They choose their time shrewdly, for we verily believe their day is short! Once let the grand orchestra, the grand chorus, commence operations, and who is any longer dazzled by their feats? Now is not here a text, and of the gravest, though the suggestors thereof be fantastical and light. Had we the eloquence of the old prophets we would fain preach upon this text a solemn lesson, in tone at once affectionate and fearless, on the false tendency into which so much musical talent and unwearied culture has been coaxed and flattered by the cheap and noisy admiration of ignorant and superficial publics. What youthful energies and precious time are thrown away upon the sheer vanity of showing the world one's skill in the achievement of unmeaning difficulties! How pitifully the virtuoso's art lies in astonishing and making the idler portion of an audience clap their hands, than in expressing aught that music should express! How much music is written first and then performed and kept unreasonably in the foreground of the public hearing, simply to show off the musician! How much of the most painfully laborious virtuosity, is yet sadly not in earnest, since it thinks more of the effect than of the intrinsic quality of its own Art!

In noticing the concerts already past, let us begin with the one which may be considered the novelty of the season; namely:

GOTTSCHALK.

The extravagant fame and the peculiar kind of enthusiasm which preceded the arrival of the young New Orleans virtuoso, announced in the bills always as "the great American pianist," had forewarned us what to expect of him. We expected brilliant execution, together with perhaps some little touch of individuality enough to lend a charm to pretty but by no means deeply interesting or important compositions of his own. Some of the compositions we had heard from other players, and by their triviality were forced to feel that either these belied him, or that it was by sheer professional puffery that he had been so long proclaimed the peer of Liszt and Thalberg and even Chopin; all of whom, particularly the last, have been true tone-poets, of decided individuality, which is stamped upon their written works, with which the Gottschalk *Bananiers* and *Dances Ossianiques* bear no more comparison than the lightest magazine verses with the inspired lyrics of the great bards. Yet upon composition, it would seem, he takes his stand; for in his programme of Tuesday evening every piece performed by him was of his own composing; and the newspaper and pamphlet biographies of him, innumerable letters from abroad, and eulogistic critiques in the papers, from New York to New Orleans, harp upon this with a peculiar energy.

Well, at the concert—which, by the way, did not half fill the Boston Music Hall, owing partly we believe to the one dollar price, and partly, we hope, to distrust of an artist who plays wholly his own compositions—our expectation was confirmed. There was indeed most brilliant execution;—we have heard none more brilliant, but are not yet prepared to say that Jaell's was less so. Gottschalk's touch is the most clear and crisp and beautiful that we have ever known. His play is free and bold and sure and graceful in the extreme; his runs pure and liquid, his figures always clean and perfectly defined; his command of rapid octave passages prodigious; and so we might go through with all the technical points of masterly execution. It was great execution. But what is execution, without some thought and meaning in the combinations to be executed?

Could a more trivial and insulting string of musical rignarole have been offered to an audience of earnest music-lovers than "American Reminiscences" to begin with! These consisted of a thin and feeble preluding, in which the right hand ran with exquisitely liquid evenness and brightness up and down the highest octaves, over and over, without any progress of ideas, as if it were mere scale-exercises, followed at last by fragmentary and odd allusions to "Old Folks at Home," and then by that homely tune, (which seems to be a sort of catching, melodic itch of the times) fully developed, and then varied in divers difficult and astounding ways. Also "O Susanna" (if we remember rightly) in the same fashion. There was an eruption of silly applause here, and an encore which he answered with—"Yankee Doodle"! We say *silly* applause; for who, that admired such execution as a power worth having, could but feel melancholy to see the power so thrown away? and who that went there eager to hail and praise a young native artist, could but be mortified to see an artist so little in earnest with

his Art, and to find the dilettante public still so ready to extol as Art what properly is little more than sleight of hand!

The most imposing piece of Mr. GOTTSCHALK was called "Jerusalem, a triumphal fantasia," for two pianos, in the great difficulties of which he was ably seconded by Mr. J. PYCHOWSKY, who played at disadvantage from a hastily made manuscript copy. In portions of this there was a certain De Meyer-like pomp and breadth of harmony; but the ideas seemed commonplace and the work as a whole left but a heavy and confused impression. There was a certain grace and individuality in the *Savanna* and *Bananiar*, which he styles "Poetic Caprices," though not enough to build the fame of genius on. His "Carnival of Venice" we did not hear.

Skilful, graceful, brilliant, wonderful, we own his playing was. But players less wonderful have given us far deeper satisfaction. We have seen a criticism upon that concert in which it was regretted that his music was too fine for common apprehension, "too much addressed to the reasoning faculties," &c. To us the want was that it did not address the reason, that it seemed empty of ideas, of inspiration; that it spake little to the mind or heart, excited neither meditation nor emotion, but simply dazzled by the display of difficult feats gracefully and easily achieved. But of what use were all these difficulties?—"Difficult! I wish it was impossible," said Dr. Johnson.) Why all that rapid tossing of hands full of chords from the middle to the highest octaves, lifting the hand with such conscious appeal to our eyes? To what end all those rapid octave passages? since in the intervals of easy execution, in the seemingly quiet impromptu passages, the music grew so monotonous and commonplace; the same little figure repeated and repeated, after listless pauses, in a way which conveyed no meaning, no sense of musical progress, but only the appearance of fastidiously critical scale-practising.

We seriously doubt if Gottschalk's forte is composition. A far less brilliant fortune would have been a far truer friend and teacher to him. They have wronged him, who have assured him that his trivial though graceful fantasies were enough to place him in the rank of finely original piano-forte composers. He must do more and very different from that to earn the title. But in justice to him, we are assured that he does play the compositions of the masters with real understanding and indeed *con amore*, and it promises well for him that in his second programme he announces his determination to play classical music, from Beethoven, Onslow, &c. We shall rejoice to forgive and forget all hitherto, if with his splendid execution, he will evince the soul and fire and judgment also for the interpretation of such works.

Mr. GOTTSCHALK was assisted by a singer, Mlle. BEHREND, who possesses a voice of truly beautiful quality, power, and great compass, but with little skill of execution. In the rapid harmonic variations of Mme. Sontag's Swiss Song, half the notes were inaudible; but now and then a simple, sustained tone filled the great hall gloriously.

A charming feature of the concert was the admirable harp-playing of Mr. APTOMMAS, a young Welshman, who had lived long in France and England, hearing the best masters, but forming

his own school. There is a fresh glow of youth and health in his cheeks, and he has the appearance of a modest, earnest, genial artist. We have never before heard the harp so played; its clear, rich, mellow tones rang through the hall like a bell. Every ear craves new refreshment from his minstrelsy. But away with the romantic stuff about "Welsh harper;" he plays the modern, artificial, Erard double action harp, (one of the most difficult of instruments), and his music is modern and metropolitan as that of Thalberg, though he is Welshman born.

In responding to the encore of his *Dance des Fées*, he had the ill luck to suppose the audience wished to hear "Yankee Doodle," not having been present in the beginning of the evening and not knowing that Gottschalk had already selected the same rare and marvellous theme. We are sure he is too earnest a musician to repeat this experiment.

OLE BULL.

The Norwegian opened the season, and has given three or four concerts in the Boston Music Hall, to large and applauding audiences. He has been playing his old pieces, mostly the same by which he first introduced himself in America, in the days of our childish hero or rather virtuoso-worship. Ole Bull's position as an artist is well enough settled to require no criticism now. We heard him but once, and for a few moments. We entered the hall and found him deep in the middle of "Yankee Doodle" unaccompanied, looking as if rapt and wrestling with the inward spasms of a Pythian frenzy under the influence of that emptiest of all tunes, which people "whistle for the want of thought." And so we have it. With Ole Bull the word is "Yankee Doodle"; with Gottschalk, also, "Yankee Doodle"; and Aptommas "keeps it up"; when Jullien comes it will be "Yankee Doodle Dandie!" It would seem as if the good report of our last year's musical season, and the purification of our temple from these evil spirits by that grand series of true classic concerts, had provoked said spirits to be-leaguer our fair city in the outset of the season and endeavor to surprise us unawares, reversing our fair fame; and there is always enough of the old Adam left in all promiscuous audiences to lay us open to the enemy's insidious or bold and impudent approaches. But we fear not; the good seeds have been sown.

Ole Bull played his "Carnival of Venice" with wonderful beauty, and grotesque humor. The rich tones of his instrument seemed in that hall the richest and purest that we ever heard from the violin. He was assisted by STRAKOSCH, the pianist, whom we did not hear; and by the charming child *canta-ricce*, little ADELINA PATTI, whose voice is of the rarest beauty, purity and penetrating power. Her delivery of Jenny Lind's "Herdsman's Song" was truly admirable, and bespeaks the greatest promise.

GRAND FESTIVAL IN TREMONT TEMPLE.

Here was a beginning of something serious, and therefore to be respected. The concert announced for Saturday last by Messrs. ECKHARDT, KEYZER, SCHLIMPER, FRENZEL, MAASS and PERABEAU, did not draw the audience it deserved, considering that there was so much excellent in the programme. Hummel's Septuor could not fail to interest; but there seemed to our ears a lack of perfect unity of pitch among the instruments, which chilled the effect. The horn part,

too, was stammering and uncertain, so that we scarcely recognized those exquisite little *obligato* passages which fall to its share. Mr. PERABEAU executed the piano part with skill and brilliancy, but we thought with rather a tendency sometimes to over-hasten the *tempo*. The quartet of Beethoven, by Messrs. ECKHARDT, KEYZER, &c., was very well played. Miss CURRAN, a young lady of pleasing, modest appearance and who looks as if she meant to be in earnest with her Art, made her first appearance as a vocalist. She has a mezzo soprano voice of bright, clear quality and considerable power, as yet not much developed, though there is some charm and promise in her singing. By the way, did not the pianist take the Mendelssohn song: *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, quite too fast for her? Miss MARY SAUL, the "wonderful pianist" of nine years, did not impress us as wonderful, but only clever. We must doubt the policy of introducing unripe school performances in a public concert.

The Classical Matinées of these gentlemen will soon commence, and we wish them all success.

So much for what is past. To-night we renew the old feasts and triumphs of the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

This little orchestra has long been our standard of the good and genuine in instrumental music; and even in the presence of Jullien's great means and mastery, we still look to them for our purest and most enduring musical satisfaction. This time, however, they are a big orchestra. Their numbers are more than doubled, increased to about fifty! It made us happy in their rehearsal to see the well known faces of our best resident musicians, mingled in their ranks. This new harmony cannot but be productive of the best results. Now we shall have the fine outline of the old Germania symphony enriched by the instruments of a grand orchestra. Ten excellent violins they have now, where they had only two or three! And it is a pleasure to recognize among them FRIES and SUCK and KEYZER and others of our own.

The new feature of to-night will be Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*. Here is something new, and great as new. We have heard it, and burn to say what—but patience! we will not speak yet. The programme of the whole concert is in another column.

JULLIEN.

On Monday night the good people of Boston are to hear a greater orchestra, with greater solo-players, and a more famous conductor, than they have ever heard before. At first everything will please and excite, because of the novelty and beauty of instrumental effects. After that, by degrees, we shall grow more critical and exacting as regards the programme. But Jullien can play the best kind of music. If he makes a colossal toy of the grand orchestra in his quadrilles and polkas, he has also his Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Mozart nights, in which he proves his love and power of interpreting the finest works. Since our letter from New York, we were present last week at his Mendelssohn Night, and never before have we so felt the power and beauty of the A minor (or Scotch) Symphony. That Scherzo, which we shall hear on Monday, was made thrice beautiful by the exquisite neatness and distinctness of his solo-instruments in those little passages for oboe, flute, &c., which wind in and out in the very complex texture of the composition.

Jullien is to play every evening for a fortnight. What better way to familiarize the public ear with orchestral effects? Jullien takes his stand as the musical indoctrinator of the masses. Does he not miscalculate, then, in putting his tickets at a dollar! In Castle Garden he had half-a-dollar; there his orchestra exceeded a hundred; here, we are told, it will consist of but sixty or seventy instruments. We fear the masses will not go many nights to pay more for less than was given in New York. M. Jullien will find it for his interest, too, to give afternoon concerts.

Foreign.

PARIS.—Mme. Bosio, from the Royal Italian Opera in London, is now here.—*Le Nabab*, a new opera by Halevy, and *Marco Spada*, continue to attract crowded audiences to the Opera Comique.—Madame Lagrange and Signor Calzolari have returned to Paris from Lyons, where they have been performing with great success at the Italian Opera.—M. Brandus & Co., the music-publishers, have announced their intention to publish in a cheap form the vocal scores of *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, the *Juive*, and the *Chaperons blancs*.—Mlle. Clauss has left Paris for Geneva (Switzerland).—Meyerbeer's new comic opera, provisionally entitled *Etoile du Nord* (libretto by Scribe), was read to the vocalists last week.

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society

HAVE the honor to announce to their kind patrons and the music-loving community of Boston and vicinity, that they will give their

First Grand Subscription Concert,

On Saturday Evening, Oct. 22d.

Being thankful for the past liberal support received from the Concert-going public, the Society have readily gratified the desire of their patrons, to enlarge the Orchestra in all its departments, and it consists at present of about

FIFTY THOROUGH MUSICIANS, INCLUDING THE MEMBERS OF THE QUINTETTE CLUB, and many of the best resident musicians in Boston, forming in all as complete an orchestra as can appear in this city. They will also be assisted by

Mlle Caroline Pintard,

A very superior Vocalist, and

Carl Hause, Pianist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67, Beethoven. Allegro con brio—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Finale.
2. Aria, from the Opera "Maria di Rudenz," Donizetti. Sung by Mlle CAROLINE PINTARD.
3. Invitation to the Dance, Weber. Arranged for the Orchestra by Hector Berlioz.

PART II.

4. Overture to the Grand Romantic Drama "Tannhäuser und der Sängerkrieg auf Wartburg" (First time in America,) Richard Wagner.
5. Fantasia for Piano, "Don Giovanni," Thalberg. Performed by CARL HAUSE.
6. Grand Concerto in E major, for Flute, Briccialdi. Allegro—Andante mosso—Finale, Allegro. Performed by CARL ZERRAHL.
7. The Celebrated Concert Polka, with Variations, Alary. Sung by Mlle CAROLINE PINTARD.
8. Overture to "Athalie," op. 74, Mendelssohn.

To meet the wishes of a great portion of the Subscribers, expressed at the receipt of the subscription tickets, seats will not be secured, as the majority prefer to use the tickets at their pleasure, i. e. an indefinite number for each concert. It being the object of the Agent to give entire satisfaction, the doors will be opened only three quarters of an hour before the concert, thus giving an equal chance to all to procure such seats as may be desired.

Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert. Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7¼.

THE FIRST PUBLIC REHEARSAL will take place on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26, commencing at 3 o'clock, P. M.

OTTO DRESEL,

WINTHROP HOUSE.

Oct. 15,

F. SUCK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and pupils that he has removed to

No. 352 TREMONT STREET.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS!

M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that he will give a Series of

Twelve Orchestral & Vocal Concerts,

Commencing on Monday, October 24th, and continuing every Evening until the Series is completed, which cannot be extended, as M. JULLIEN will leave Boston on the 7th of November, to appear in New York on the 8th, and Philadelphia on the 9th.

The First Concert in Boston will take place on

Monday Evening, Oct. 24th,

when the following Programme will be presented.

Part I.

Overture: "Der Freyschütz," Weber.

Quadrille: "Haydée," Jullien.

On themes selected from the opera composed by Auber.

Symphony: The Adagio in A from the Symphony

in D, Beethoven.

Grand Aria and Brilliant Variations, Proch.

Mlle ANNA ZERR,

Prima Donna of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, and the Royal

Italian Opera, London.

Valse: "La Prima Donna," Jullien.

Composed expressly by command of the Queen of England,

and performed at the Court Balls at Buckingham Palace. The

Solos and Cadenzas performed by

HERR KOENIG.

Solo: Contrabasso, Bottesini.

On themes selected from Bellini's Opera, "La Sonnambula,"

SIGNOR BOTTESINI.

Quadrille National: THE AMERICAN, Jullien.

Expressly composed by M. Jullien since his arrival in America,

and containing all the principal National melodies, viz:

'Hail Columbia,' 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Our Flag is there,'

'The Land of Washington,' 'Hail to the Chief,' 'Yankee

Doodle,' &c., concluding with a Triumphant Military Finale.—

Arranged with Twenty Solos and Variations. To be performed

by Twenty of M. Jullien's eminent Solo Performers!

Performed with unprecedented success for forty-one consecutive nights in New York.

INTERMISSION OF FIFTEEN MINUTES.

Part II.

Grand Operatic Selection and Fantasia, Meyerbeer.

From the opera of 'Les Huguenots,' arranged by M. Jullien,

with Solos for Oboe, Ophicleide, and Viola d'Amore, performed

by MM. LAVIGNE, S. HUGHES and SCHREURS.

Ballad: "I've been Roaming," C. E. Horn.

Mlle ANNA ZERR.

Symphony: The Scherzo Assai Vivace, Mendelssohn.

From the Symphony in A minor, generally known as the

"Scotch Symphony."

Polka: "Les Echo du Mont Blanc," composed at Cham-

mount in 1852, Jullien.

Introducing the Alpine Horn, "Ranz des Vaches," and Echo,

Performed by HERR KOENIG.

Solo: Flute, Original theme, with brilliant variations, Reichert.

M. REICHERT, (First Flute to the King of Belgium.)

Gallop: "The Amazon and Tiger," Jullien.

Descriptive of Tiger Hunting in South America.

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RESPECTFULLY informs his pupils and friends that he is now ready to resume his instructions in singing.

Application may be made at No. 47 Hancock Street, or at the Music Store of Theodore T. Barker, No. 381 Washington Street.

Oct. 8. 1854

THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE.

John Bunyan's Immortal Allegory.

Probably no Book, save the Bible, has been so extensively read as Bunyan's Inimitable Allegory.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

It has been translated into nearly all the different languages of Christendom, and been perused with delight and holy fervor by all nations. Art has lent her attractions in nearly all the forms of illustration, from the rough Wood Cut to the exquisite Steel Engraving. But to the middle of the nineteenth century, and to an American Clergyman, are we indebted for the only true pictorial conception of this immortal work.

The novel and sublime idea of embodying the ENTIRE STORY, and transferring the same to a SINGLE PICTURE, showing the wanderings of Christian from the "City of Destruction" to the "Celestial City," presenting at one view to the eye the varied scenes through which he passed, originated with DANIEL WIGHT, of Massachusetts. His truly original and beautiful conception was reduced to a most elegant design by HAMMATT BILLINGS, and from this design, JOSEPH ANDREWS, the distinguished historical engraver, has produced, after four years of labor, a Picture which will take rank among the most superb and elaborate productions of human genius, taste, and skill.

The Picture is now ready, and will be offered for sale at the Bookstore of the Publishers, and by Agents duly authorized by the Publishers.

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These letters being too long and elaborate for an advertisement, we shall publish them in a pamphlet circular. We subjoin the names only:

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Rev. John S. Stone, D. D., Brookline.
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Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., Boston.
Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., New Haven.
Prof. B. Silliman, New Haven.
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Rev. Dr. Sears, Boston.
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The above works are in reality the most complete, elaborate, and, at the same time, condensed works on the subject of which they treat. They contain Studies and Examples which will lead the scholar to a mastery of all the modern achievements of the Art; and are, in the opinion of leading German critics, the best books on musical instruction extant. The GUIDE is not only a key to the succeeding work, but contains a list of over two hundred pieces, by the first masters, in progressive order, with notes of advice to the teacher, showing how they might be best practised for the advancement of the pupil.

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Jan. 8.

—Edward L. Balch,

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The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

RESPECTFULLY inform the Musical Public that they will give during this, their Fifth Season, a series of eight Concerts, to take place once a fortnight as usual. Tickets for the Series, \$3. Subscribers may use their tickets at pleasure. Subscription lists may be found at the Music Stores after Monday, October 17th. The time and place for the Concerts will be announced as soon as possible. Oct. 15.

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THE undersigned, resident artists of Boston, intend to give a Series of Classical Concerts during next winter, in which the best works of the great composers will be performed; such as Quartets, Quintets, Septets, Trios, Duos and Solos, by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini, etc. The programme will be made more attractive by Vocal performances between the different pieces, as also Solos for Horn, Violoncello, Piano, Violin, etc., occasionally. Many greater compositions, as Quartets, Quintets, and Septets for Piano with String and Wind instruments, will be produced, which have never been publicly performed in Boston. To accommodate Ladies and others out of town, we propose to give our Concerts in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter. The subscription is \$3 for the Series of Eight Concerts. Single tickets 50 cents each.

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WM. KEYSER, } VIOLINS. TH. MAASS, VIOLONCELLO.
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Oct. 8.

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MISS FANNY FRAZER begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the City, and is now ready to resume her teaching.

Pavilion Hotel, Sept. 24th. 6t

THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.

Boston, September 24, 1853.

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TEACHER OF MUSIC,

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Oct. 16.

3m

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